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MERCHANT TAILORS' SCHOOL.



THE CLOISTERS.

THIS excellent institution originated from one of the most ancient Guilds or Fraternities of the City of London, of which associations public education was one of the most commendatory features. It was founded in the year 1451 by the Company of Merchant Tailors, called, "time out of mind," says Stow, "of Taylors and Linen Armourers of London;" and it was endowed from their funds for benevolent purposes, which are said now to exceed 3,000*l.* per annum.

The original school building was called the Manor of the Rose, which had belonged to the Staffords, Dukes of Buckingham, and stood on the east side of Suffolk-lane,

Upper Thames-street; towards the purchase of which estate, 500*l.* had been previously given by Robert Hills, a former master of the Merchant Tailors' Company. The old School was destroyed in the Great Fire, and the present structure was erected on its site, about the year 1675. It is a large brick building, ornamented with pilasters in front, and supported on the east side by stone pillars forming a cloister, which extends beneath the adjoining building, the library, as shown in the above Engraving.

"According to the ancient statutes of this institution, 100 boys are to be taught here at five shillings per quarter, 50 at half-a-crown per quarter, and 100, or upwards,

gratis; the quarterage to be given to the master, whose furthersalary was to be 10*l.* 6*s.* annually, and 30*s.* for water.* The scholars are instructed, by a master and three ushers, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, &c., and independently of several probationary general examinations, a grand public examination of the scholars of the upper form is made every year, on the 11th of June, by the President and Fellows of St. John's College, Oxford, previously to the election for supplying the vacant fellowships in that establishment, which was intended, principally, by its generous founder,^a for the advancement of the youth educated in this school.

"The first Master of this seminary was the learned Richard Mulcaster, who was afterwards appointed Head Master of St. Paul's School: and among the more eminent of his successors, were the following: Nicholas Grey, D.D., afterwards Provost of Eton College; William Dugard, who was committed to Newgate, by the Council of State, in February, 1649, for publishing *Salmasius's Defence of King Charles I.*; John Goad, B.D., dismissed in 1681, after twenty years' service, in consequence of having written *A Comment on the Church Catechism*; which gave great offence to some fanatical sectaries; John Hartcliffe, A.M., afterwards Canon of Windsor; Matthew Shorting, D.D.; Thomas Parsell, B.D., who published *Liturgia seu Liber Precum communium*, &c.; George Stepney Townley, A.M., afterwards Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook; and the late worthy character, Samuel Bishop, A.M., whose *Poems* have been collected and published in two volumes, for the benefit of his family, since his decease in November, 1796.

"In the year 1698, an anniversary feast was commenced by the gentlemen who had received the rudiments of their education in this school; and with some alteration in the mode of celebrating it, has been continued till the present time. The collections made at these feasts, are appropriated to the support of Exhibitions, for the more intelligent of those scholars who have proved unsuccessful candidates for the Fellowships at St. John's. Many celebrated persons are recorded among the scholars on this foundation, as will be seen by the following list: Dr. Richard Latewar, Chaplain to Queen Elizabeth; Dr. Matthew Gwinne, Professor of Medicine in Gresham College; Dr. John Rawlinsong, Chaplain to James I.; Dr. John Buckeridge, Bishop of Rochester; Dr. Launcelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester; Sir James Whitelocke, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; Dr. John Speed, an eminent physician and anatomist; Dr. Rowland Searchfield, Bishop of Bristol; Dr. Robert Boyle, Bishop of Waterford;

* Sir Thomas White, whose Portrait has been engraved in the Mirror.

Dr. George Wilde, Bishop of Londonderry; the Lord Keeper Whitelocke; Dr. Joseph Henshaw, Bishop of Peterborough; Dr. Edward Bernard, Savilian Professor of Astronomy in the University of Oxford; Archbishop Juxon; Dr. More, Bishop of Bath and Wells; Sir William Dawes, Archbishop of York; Sir John Cook, L.L.D., Dean of the Arches; Dr. John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln; Dr. Joseph Wilcocks, Bishop of Rochester, and Dr. John Gilbert, Archbishop of York."^a

SEALING-WAX.

(To the Editor.)

IN the fourteenth volume, page 31, of your useful and interesting Miscellany, it is stated that sealing-wax was invented by Francis Rousseau, who, in 1693, resided at St. Domingo; and further, that Madame de Longueville caused Louis XIII. to use it. This monarch began to reign in 1610, and died in 1643. Now, it happens, that I have in my possession, an indenture signed by Lord Viscount Montague, in 1617, with a *sealing-wax* seal appended to it, bearing an impression of the arms of that nobleman.

This Francis Rousseau can then hardly be the inventor of sealing-wax: unless, indeed, he lived to be above 100 years old; for, supposing that he was born before 1600, so as, at least, to be between 20 and 25 before 1617, at the time he was in St. Domingo, he would have been 100 years old and more. Moreover, on referring to the *Tablet of Memory*, I see that sealing-wax was first brought into general use in 1556. Could not some one of your many ingenious contributors clear up the doubt that seems to hang about the inventor and date of the invention, of this useful article?

H. MALLINSON.

EGYPTIANA.

THEBES.

THE splendid remains of Thebes are spread over a large area occupied by the following distinct townships: namely, El Akaliteh, Nacah, Abu Hamud, Koum-el-Bahirat, and Medinet Abu, to the west; Gournah, to the north; El Oksor, (Luxor,) close to the river's edge; and Kafr Karnak and Medamud, on its eastern bank. The most remarkable ruins are found at Medinet Abu, Gournah, and Karnak. In proceeding to describe this almost boundless field of ruins, it is difficult to know where to begin, or what guide to follow. The situation of this city, (says Denon,) is as fine as can well be imagined, and the immense extent of its ruins convinces the spectator that he has not magnified its size; for, the diameter of Egypt not being sufficient to contain it, its monuments rest upon the two chains of mountains which are contiguous, while its tombs occupy the

* Brayley's London and Middlesex, vol. II., p. 368.

valleys towards the west, far off into the desert. Four large hamlets divide among them the remains of the ancient monuments of Thebes, while the river, by the sinuosity of its course, seems still proud of flowing among its ruins. Very imperfect ideas, (remarks Mr. Belzoni,) can be formed of the extensive ruins of Thebes, from the accounts of the most skilful and accurate travellers. The most sublime conceptions that can be derived from the most magnificent specimens of our present architecture, would fall very far short of these ruins; for such is the difference, not only in magnitude, but in form, proportion, and construction, that even the pencil can but convey a faint idea of the whole. It appeared to me like entering a city of giants, who, after a long conflict, had all been destroyed, leaving the ruins of their various temples as the only proofs of their existence.

The temple at Luxor presents to the traveller at once one of the most splendid groups of Egyptian grandeur. The extensive propylæon, with the two obelisks and colossal statues in front; the thick groups of enormous columns; the variety of apartments, and the sanctuary it contains; the beautiful ornaments which adorn every part of the walls and columns; the battles on the propylæon, cause in the astonished traveller an oblivion of all he has seen before. If his attention be attracted to the north side of Thebes, by the towering remains that project a great height above the wood of palm-trees, he will gradually enter that forest-like assemblage of ruins of temples, columns, obelisks, colossi, sphinxes, portals, and an endless number of other astonishing objects, that will convince him at once of the impossibility of a description. On the west side of the Nile, still the traveller finds himself among wonders. The temples of Gournou, Memnonium, and Medinet Abn, attest the extent of the great city on this side. The unrivalled colossal figures in the plain of Thebes, the number of tombs excavated in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, sarcophagi, and figures, are all objects worthy of the admiration of the traveller.

In describing the ruins of Thebes, (says Dr. Richardson,) I shall begin at the village of Gornou, because it is nearest the river, and the first object which the traveller encounters in his tour through the ruins on the west side of the Nile, from which it is distant about a quarter of a mile. This village stands in a grove of palm-trees, where the cultivated soil joins the rocky flat, exactly at the spot where the road turns off on the right, to the tombs of the kings. It consists of a number of houses of unburnt brick, generally small, but some of them much larger and of superior workmanship to the

average of ruined houses in this country. At the time when we visited it, it was quite uninhabited: the natives had abandoned it, and retired to the caves in the adjoining rocky flat; because, from the low situation, and the filling up of the canals, the village is liable to be overflowed during the time of the inundation. But when the river subsides, and the ground becomes dry, they quit their rocky tenements, and return to their mansions of clay, which are more conveniently situated for water, grazing, and agriculture. In this village is a ruined temple, called by the Arabs, Cassr-el-Gornou, which has been very little mentioned by travellers. It is small, when compared with the Memnonium and Medinet Abn, yet it is much larger than those of Northern Dair, Dair-el-Medinet, and Southern Dair, which are seldom omitted. It is so much dilapidated, that it is difficult to make out the extent of it. The principal entry appears to have been from the south, where there is a row of eight columns running along the front of the wall. The height is about five diameters, and both shafts and capitals are reeded. Over the door is the usual ornament of the globe, with serpent and wings. From the passage we entered a chamber, from each side of which passages go off into other chambers or courts. Some of these are small, and so much filled up with rubbish, that it is almost impossible to enter them; they are also distributed in a different manner from what chambers usually are in the interior of the temples: hence, this building has by some travellers been called a palace; but it is ornamented with sculpture and hieroglyphics in the same manner as the other temples; and, from the frequent occurrence of the ram's head upon the wall, both among the sculptures and the hieroglyphics, it would appear that Jupiter Ammon was the principal object of worship in this, as well as in the great temples. Emblems frequent on other temples, are also here met with: as sphinxes with the globe over their heads; and Osiris with a scourge and crook in the one hand, and a hatchet in the other. The figures are remarkably well cut, but it is difficult to trace anything like a continued story in the sculpture, on account of the wall being so much dilapidated. There are no remains of stone houses in any of the towns which have been great and celebrated as seats of trade and opulence, and even of royalty; and I hardly think it would be presuming too much, to infer that stone houses were rarely built by the ancient Egyptians.

Proceeding west from the temple of Gornou, along the edge of the rocky flat, for about three quarters of a mile, where it turns in a southerly direction, we came to a broad avenue that has been formed along its surface for nearly an equal distance, straight up to the precipitous front of the rock. This beau-

tiful avenue is exactly opposite to the grand propylon of the great temple at Karnak, and has been lined with a row of sphinxes of quartz sandstone, highly crystallised; and, to judge from the remaining fragments, they must have been of the finest workmanship. Here we also find many fragments of gigantic statues, the produce of the same quarry. Advancing along this avenue, over the rocky flat, which is every where strewed with the mouldering remains of brick huts, and immense high ruins, (like caravanserais, of the same material, which the natives call Christian convents,) we came, in about three quarters of a mile, to the precipitous front of the rock, where are the remains both of an ancient temple and a modern building. It must have formed a splendid termination to the avenue above-mentioned, and is exactly opposite to the temple of Karnak; it is called Northern Dair. The high mounds of rubbish and the masses of stone and polished granite, that lie scattered about, indicate the extent and splendour of the building; as the few shattered portions of the walls that still remain, testify the barbarian violence with which it has been overturned. There are several chambers; but they are small, filled up with stones, and close in upon the perpendicular front of the rock: in this is a doorway cased with polished granite, leading into several excavated chambers, which, without a great deal of labour to clear away the obstructing rubbish, it is impossible to examine. Several of the chambers on the outside of the rock, have also the piers and lentils of the door of polished granite. There are one beautiful, upright table of the same material, about twelve feet high and five broad, covered with sculpture and hieroglyphics; and a superb granite gateway, wrought in the same manner, on which the hawk frequently occurs among the sculptures, but there is no human figure. Attached to the ruin on the south side, is a large stone vault in the form of an arch, without being constructed on its principle. The stones on the outside of the wall are built in line; but each successive course projects further into the interior of the building than the one below it, and the corners of the stone are rounded away, so as to give it the vaulted form. The stones in the uppermost course on each side are shorter, on which account they are not in a perpendicular line with those on the outside: they are applied to each other by broad surfaces with a small quantity of cement between them, and are rounded and smoothed on the inside, like the others. This is not constructed on the principle of the arch; but if any accident were to make the two uppermost stones fall in, so as to support themselves by lateral pressure, it would give both the key-stone and the principle of the arch. I do not consider this vault as coeval with the ancient

ruins among which it exists, but with that part of the building which was constructed by more modern architects. The whole has been covered with unburnt brick, with a view to keep out the heat. I observed the same form of the rounded arch without the principle, in the temples of Girgenti, in Sicily.

If there be any passage from the plain of Thebes through the mountain into the valley of Beban-el-Melook, and communicating with all the tombs in the rock, this, in my opinion, is the proper place to commence the examination in search of it. No place was more likely, from which to form a private passage to enter the tombs of the great, than a temple situated close upon the rock on the other side. The passage from the tomb discovered by Mr. Belzoni, has been traced half through the mountain, running in this direction; and it would be difficult to assign any reason why the shaft of that tomb should descend so much, and by so many flights of steps, were it not to attain the low level of the plain on the other side. This ruin at Northern Dair has been but little mentioned by travellers, but it is one of the most ancient in the Thebaid. Having retraced our steps along the ancient avenue, to the edge of the rocky flat, we turned southward, and, after passing many ruined huts, and many immense square piles of unburnt bricks, in a few minutes we reached the Memnonium. The term Memnonium is used by Strabo to designate that part of ancient Thebes which lies on the west side of the river; but the French *savans*, without any sufficient reason, have restricted it to this magnificent ruin.

W. G. C.

Manners and Customs.

SWITZERLAND.

(To the Editor.)

THE following account of a few of the curious customs prevalent in the Canton de Vaud, the most attractive of all the Swiss cantons, may interest your numerous readers.

In no country is the site of the Easter eggs more prevalent than in the French part of Switzerland. For some days, nay, for some weeks, before Easter Sunday, little is thought of but collecting all sorts of herbs for the purpose of dyeing the eggs in various colours. Some dye them green, blue, and brown, with vegetable substances; others, red, scarlet, black, &c., with Brazil wood, or pieces of cloth. Many occupy themselves for days together, drawing on them, with aquafortis, figures, landscapes, and devices; others, with scrupulous care, place the eggs when dyed, one by one, over an ant-hill, and leaving it there for some hours, withdraw it, beautifully

spotted with thousands of minute white specks, occasioned by the ants having bitten at the coat of dye.

When the long-looked-for Sunday arrives, before service-time, the largest open place of the village, or town, is filled with men and boys, all busily intent upon what is technically called *faire bec*. This is a game played by two persons, and consists in striking one end of an egg against the corresponding end of another, when the party who has both ends broken in loses and gives up his egg. Many tricks are resorted to, in order to strengthen the shell, and these stratagems give rise to a mutual distrust of honour; before challenging, the parties take the precaution to try the soundness of each other's shell, and it is curious to observe in what a strange manner this is ascertained. The first finger of the left hand is thrust deep into the ear, the lips are separated so as to expose the teeth, and the egg is supported as lightly as possible between the second joint of the thumb, and the third of the first two fingers of the right hand; the egg is then gently and repeatedly struck against the teeth: should the sound produced be hard and rather sharp, the egg's strength may safely be relied on, but should it have a kind of hollow sound, it will not be long in the hands of its possessor.

As soon as the church bells ring for service, the whole place is cleared, the eggs are thrust into the pockets of their respective owners, and off they march to church with as solemn an air, as if nothing whatever had happened to divert in the least their usual line of devotion. After both morning and evening service it is again the same thing, and they continue *faire bec* till dusk, when every one retires to his own dwelling, some richer, others poorer, than they were in the morning. With these eggs, a salad is generally made, either with what they call *trachettes*, or cress: but, for my part, none, I think, equals that made with the common primrose of the field: thus, employ a boy or two, if necessary, to gather you a good basket-full, and clean them; and while nice and fresh, make a salad of them with good walnut oil and vinegar, and plenty of eggs cut up with them, and you have as delicious and savoury a salad as any epicure could wish.

The origin of the Easter eggs is involved in much mystery; but from a periodical work now publishing at Brussels, I have been able to deduce the following particulars from a story therein inserted, professing to relate the true circumstances which gave rise to this curious custom.

It appears that many centuries ago, as the daughter of a charcoal-burner was tending her goats, in a secluded valley of Switzerland, a lady with two children and an old servant accosted her, and asked her the path to the valley. On her return home, the girl men-

tioned to her parents this extraordinary application, and induced them to take some food and endeavour to find the wanderers, for that she was sure they were in need of nourishment. The lady was discovered, seated on the trunk of a felled tree, holding on her lap a beautiful child; while the other, a fine boy, was giving some of the grass of the valley to the mule, that the old man was unloading. After her repast, the lady begged shelter for herself and family, and they were cheerfully given an uninhabited cottage in the outskirts of the valley. One day, the Lady Armo, for that was her title, (but which she with unaccountable scruple kept secret,) asked for some eggs, when, to her astonishment, she found no others than those of finches, or such small birds as were known in the valley.

Some years passed on in peaceful happiness: cocks and hens were now pretty abundant in the village, for the old servant who occasionally went to the nearest market to procure his mistress dainties, had some few months before brought a wicker-basket full of them.

On Easter, every one went to church, which was a few miles distant; but the lady returned the soonest, having the assistance of the mule she had preserved. On her reaching home, she took out the herbs and other ingredients she had gathered, and dyed a number of eggs, which she put in neat little moss nests she had caused the children to make before they went to church, and placed them in a bush which inclosed the garden. On their return, she led them to the spot, and what was their joy in each finding five beautiful eggs, not white, but yellow, blue, green, and all sorts of hues variegated as the rainbow. Now, it happened that while they were exulting at their happiness, a youth of mean appearance and apparently distressed for want of food, stood by at some distance, looking with wistful eyes on the happy beings. Moved with compassion, the lady, among other things, gave him some of the dyed eggs she had over. The youth again went his way, and walked till evening, till the neighing of a horse startled him, when he found it to proceed from the bottom of an acclivity, down which a horse with his rider had fallen. The youth quickly descended the ravine, with water revived the apparently dying knight, for such he proved to be, and gave him two eggs to eat. He offered him a third which he declined, but stood gazing at a motto that was written on it, in these words:—"Trust in God alone, there is no other help."

"My wife's writing!" he exclaimed. He was the Count Armo de Leichtenberg.

They were reunited, after so many years of cruel separation by a tyrant; and from that time the Easter eggs have spread all over Europe and in Christian countries.

So runs the story. I leave it to my readers to think what they list of it.

As soon as the snow has disappeared from the mountain tops of the Jura, it is time for the herds of the valley to repair to their richer pasturages in the mountains. At this period, numberless herds of cows and sheep are to be seen on the high roads, all treading their way with a majestic and matter-of-business air. Some of the former of these animals have immense bells tied under their neck by a huge leathern strap and buckle, and what is strange, they observe a regular order of march out of which they seldom swerve.* The finest cow of the herd, conscious of her superiority, and with the largest-sized bell, walks with an air of importance before the others, and never allows one of her followers under any pretext whatever, to walk before her; she is inflexible, any intruder is punished with a lusty thrust from her horns, or is reprimanded with a hearty kick in the side. It is the same on their return; but it seldom happens that the same cow is again queen; she has either forgotten her former dignity, or has lost the beauty which entitled her to hold first in rank.

One would be led to imagine that it must be anything but agreeable to hear the monotonous din of these bells, and occasionally a lowing from some of the cattle: not so, for nothing is more beautiful or more thrilling to the veins of an admirer of Swiss scenery, than to listen to this tintinnabulatory music, accompanied by the wild and peculiar voices of the cowherds singing with an expression the Swiss alone can give, the celebrated *Ranz des Vaches*. There is something which rivets you to the spot, and compels you there to remain, listening with eagerness, till distance drowns the sounds, and only conveys to your ear, occasional and indistinct bursts of many voices, as the wind wafts them along. It is a thing, once heard, never to be forgotten—the impression is indelible.

The effect of this music of the mountains on the Swiss is truly astonishing: some have been known to rush from scenes of gaiety in order to indulge in solitude the sweet recollections this air awakens in their minds; the soldier has been known to desert his post, and a law has been made, expressly forbidding to play or sing that song within the hearing of the Swiss enrolled in the service of France. There is not, as is generally believed, a general or particular "air of the mountains," for each canton has its peculiar song. That of the Canton de Vaud, according to Cooper, in the *Headman*, is composed of Greek and Latin words on a basis of Celtic. It is unnecessary for me to introduce it here, as I

have seen it in some volume of your Miscellany.

In the more retired part of the mountains of the Jura, it does sometimes happen, that a wolf, driven by hunger, will make his appearance. In this emergency, the cows which have first become aware of the presence of this ravenous intruder, begin a loud and continued lowing; all the cows, for a considerable distance around, as well as the sheep, goats, or whatever animal happens to be near, assemble together. The cows with the horses inclosing the weaker animals, then form a circle and present a formidable and threatening front to the foe: the cows with their horns lowered and the horses with their hoofs ready to inflict such a blow as would either deprive the wolf of all inclination to repeat his visit, or make him forget to rise on his legs again. It rarely happens, however, that they come to an actual engagement, especially if a donkey be among them. That poor, abused, wretched beast—that outcast from all society, whether rational or irrational—is mercilessly compelled to remain without the circle. The wolf who is partial to his flesh, as if conscious of the reason why he is thus excluded, will sometimes pursue him and tear him to pieces among the very animals to which the affrighted victim in vain runs for protection.

The manner in which the inhabitants of the Canton de Vaud diamis the old year, is both peculiar and amusing, beyond measure, to witness. The effigy of the fast declining year, followed by crowds, is carried about the town in a sheet, the four corners of which are held by persons wearing masks of the most repulsive aspect. At certain places, the procession halts, and a profound silence reigns while the doctor, with a huge syringe in one hand, and a cudgel in the other, questions the poor dying year, and in a condoling voice asks why he is going to leave him. A man under the sheet, in a broken voice and in words scarcely to be distinguished from the many groans he heaves, gives the doctor to understand that, worn out with fatigue, and harassed by his next-door neighbour, who has not ceased tormenting, pushing, and trying to displace him for these last six months, he is compelled at last to yield up the ghost, and begs a little wine before he takes his final departure from this world. Upon this he is tossed in the air amidst the shouts and roaring laughter of the people, who having thus promenaded, tossed, insulted, hampered, cudgelled, mocked, crowded over, outraged, affronted, abused, the poor old year, finally give him over to boys to make a bonfire of his combustible carcass.

H. MALLESON.

* This custom has been noticed by a Correspondent at page 369 of the Mirror, vol. xxvii.

Select Biography.

WILLIAM ROSCOE.

[We resume Dr. Traill's interesting Memoir from page 345.]

"A similarity of political principles, and congeniality of taste for agricultural improvements, had for some time made Roscoe acquainted with Mr. Coke of Norfolk. In 1814, he was invited to visit Holkham, the splendid seat of that eminent agriculturist. There he found ample employment in the magnificent library, collected by the late Lord Leicester, uncle to the present possessor, a nobleman who, with vast wealth, possessed a highly cultivated mind, and a passion for collecting books and manuscripts. It was well known that the collection was immensely rich in classical manuscripts and unpublished works on Italian history. Mr. Roscoe readily undertook the examination of this superb collection, which had afforded to Drakenborek the manuscript copies of Livy employed in his valuable edition of the Roman Historian, and which, among 600 manuscript volumes of ecclesiastical annals and Italian civil history, was discovered by Mr. Roscoe to contain one of the lost volumes of Leonardo da Vinci's *Treatises on Mechanics*, and the long deplored and precious volume in which Raffaello, at the desire of the Pontiff, had made *pen drawings* of the remains of ancient Roman magnificence, illustrated by short descriptions in his own handwriting. Mr. Roscoe undertook to make a *catalogue raisonnée* of the manuscripts of the collection—a task which he some years afterwards, with the assistance of Mr. Madden, now one of the librarians of the British Museum, fully accomplished. This catalogue extends to four or five thick folio volumes, and is enriched with engraved *fac similes* and illuminated ornaments.

"The manuscripts had been little attended to for many years. Most of them were in the original coarse paper covers, and some were injured by damp and time. The whole were some time afterwards consigned to Mr. Roscoe's care, who put them into the hands of our eminent binder the late Mr. John Jones, who, by great industry and skill, succeeded in restoring crumpled vellum to its original smoothness, in pasting torn leaves with wonderful neatness, and who bound the whole collection in a durable and elegant manner. An ancient and admirable Hebrew manuscript of the Pentateuch,* written in a beautiful hand, on deer-skins, forming a roll thirty-eight feet in length, was mounted, by the same ingenious artist, on rollers ornamented with silver bells, under the direction of a learned Rabbi, who believed the manuscript to be an eastern transcript of great antiquity.

* Believed to be more than 1,000 years old.

"Toward the close of 1815, by one of our too frequent commercial convulsions, and by the extent of their accommodations to persons engaged in business, the affairs of the bank in which Mr. Roscoe was a partner became involved, and the house found it necessary to suspend payments. For four years Mr. Roscoe devoted himself to the arrangement of their affairs, entertaining throughout the most sanguine hopes of being able finally to discharge all their engagements, as the joint property of the partners was valued, at the time of the suspension of payments, at considerably more than the amount of their debts. The depreciation, however, of that property, combined with other circumstances over which Mr. Roscoe had no control, prevented the accomplishment of his most earnest wishes, and in 1820 he became a bankrupt. Previous to this (in the year 1816), his noble library, his fine collection of prints and drawings, and his curious collection of paintings, were dispersed, and the proceeds of the sale were applied to the payment of the debts of the house. It will convey some idea of the collection to state, that the books, consisting of about 2,000 works, sold for no less a sum than 5,150*l.*; the prints for 1,886*l.*; the drawings for 750*l.*; and the pictures for 3,239*l.*; making a total of 11,025*l.*

"The beautiful sonnet written by Mr. Roscoe on parting with his library, was given to a friend, and handed about in manuscript; but the Reverend William Beloe has since inserted it, without any acknowledgment, in his autobiography, as the motto to one of the chapters of that concealed work."

"Several of Mr. Roscoe's friends, anxious to preserve to him various works, which they knew he highly prized, either for their intrinsic worth, or as the gift of esteemed friends, bought them up at the sale of his library, to the amount of 600*l.*, and presented them to Mr. Roscoe. The gift, however, was firmly but gratefully declined; and the subscribers resolved to present the collection to the Athenæum Library, to be kept together as a testimony of their esteem for their respected friend; and of that library the collection now forms a distinct part.

"A selection from his pictures, comprising specimens of art highly illustrative of the progress of painting, was purchased by seve-

• Sonnet:—

"As one who destined from his friends to part,
 Regrets their loss, yet hopes again erewhile
 To share their converse, and enjoy their smiles,
 And temper as he may affliction's dart,—
 Thus, lov'd associates! chiefs of older art!
 Teachers of wisdom, who could once beguile
 My tedious hours, and brighten ev'ry toll,
 I now resign you—nor with hasting heart;
 For pass a few short years, or days, or hours,
 And happier seasons may their dawn unfold,
 And all your sacred fellowships restore;
 When, freed from earth, unimpeded its powers,
 Mind shall with mind direct communion hold,
 And kindred spirits meet to part no more."

ral of the same gentlemen, at a liberal price, and presented to the Royal Institution by those admirers of Roscoe.

"I may here remark, that the original plan of the Liverpool Royal Institution originated, and was drawn up by me, in 1813; although it was carried into effect during my absence on the Continent, in 1814. Mr. Roscoe took an active part in this measure, was long the Chairman of the Committee while it was struggling into existence; and, as its first President, read an eloquent address on the opening of the Institution, in the year, 1817.

"From an early period, Mr. Roscoe had been a warm advocate for a reformation of the sanguinary penal code of this country. His humanity and amiable mind revolted from the frequency of executions; and he eagerly desired to see those statutes which awarded death for trifling offences, and are too barbarous to be enforced in the present day, expunged from the code of British jurisprudence. Shortly before the period of his misfortunes, his attention had been turned to the subject of penal law and prison discipline. In 1819, he published his tract, entitled, *Observations on Penal Jurisprudence, and the Reformation of Criminals*; which was followed, between that period and 1835, by two other dissertations on the same subject.

"When released from the harassing cares of business, the mind of Mr. Roscoe, with the elasticity and application of youth, diligently entered on various literary projects. Since the first appearance of the *Life of Lorenzo*, he had obtained from Italy, and elsewhere, various documents illustrative of that work. These he prepared for publication, together with some strictures on the manner in which the character and biography of Lorenzo had been treated by Sismondi and some other writers. This work appeared in an 8vo. volume, in 1823, under the title of *Illustrations of the Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*. The strong terms in which Sismondi accused Mr. Roscoe of partiality to the Medici Family, and of palliating their crimes, drew forth an able and indignant answer; yet, it is pleasing to reflect, that when Sismondi, a few years afterwards, visited England, Mr. Roscoe formed with him a personal acquaintance in no way affected by their literary controversy.

"About the same period, Mr. Roscoe published an amusing *Memoir of Richard Roberts*, a self-taught linguist, well known in Liverpool by the extraordinary number of languages which he could read, no less than by the filth of his person. The profits of this publication Mr. Roscoe humanely dedicated to the use of this singular person; whose intellect, defective in every thing but language, renders him as helpless as a child; and Roberts may now be seen in whole clothes, with his portable library stuffed, as in former times,

between his shirt and his skin; for he disdains a fixed abode.

"An application having been made to Mr. Roscoe to become the editor of a new edition of Pope's works, and to furnish a fresh life of the author, Mr. Roscoe engaged in it with all the ardour of a poet, having ever been a warm admirer of Pope's genius. This was no trifling task—for he added notes on the poems with much care; and in the life, which forms the first volume of that edition, defended the talents and character of Pope from sundry imputations cast on him by Mr. Bowles and others. The date of publication was 1824.

"About the same time, he superintended a new edition of the *Lives of Lorenzo and Leo*, to the latter of which he added many new notes.

"In 1824, Mr. Roscoe was elected a 'Royal Associate of the Royal Society of Literature,' founded by his late Majesty George IV. A pension of 100*l.* a year was awarded to each of ten associates, which Mr. Roscoe enjoyed for three or four years; but which, from the neglect of providing a permanent fund for the purpose, would have ceased about the time of his decease. The great gold medal of the Society, value 50 guineas, was also awarded to him as an historian, two years before he died; and it remains with his family.

"We have already noticed Mr. Roscoe's early attachment to botany, and his critical labours on the order *Scitamineæ*, to which he had long paid much attention, stimulated by the continual additions this order was receiving from the East and West Indies. The number of new species which the judicious care of Mr. Shepherd, the skilful curator of the Liverpool Botanic Garden, had successfully cultivated, together with the dried specimens which Mr. Roscoe received from various quarters, determined him to publish a work containing coloured figures of new or interesting species, with botanical descriptions. This gave rise to the most splendid botanical work that ever issued from the provincial press of any country; which occupied much of his time during the latter years of his life, and was only completed shortly before his death. Of this superb work, he printed too few copies; and before the second number came out, there was a necessity of reprinting additional copies of the first. The work is highly prized by botanists; and is particularly valued on the Continent, where, from the small number of impressions which Mr. Roscoe could be induced to throw off, it is extremely scarce. Many of the beautiful figures in his work are from his own spirited sketches; but the majority of them are the productions of the pencil of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Edward Roscoe, or of Miss R. Miller, of Liverpool.



(Richardson's House at Parson's Green.)

Anecdote Gallery.

RICHARDSON'S HOUSE, AT PARSON'S GREEN.

WHILE in the zenith of his popularity, and towards the close of his life, Mr. Samuel Richardson, the celebrated novelist, resided in the house above represented, at Parson's Green. It stood at the south-west corner, facing the road to London, and a few years since it was pulled down. The admirers of *Sir Charles Grandison* and *Clarissa Harlowe* will view with interest this relic of an author, whose admirers are always enthusiasts. Hence he dated many of his published letters, and here he entertained the most intellectual society of his time. Nothing could be more pleasant and cheerful than the site of the house—a pleasant green—handsome country houses, and a very cheerful road, were always present from its windows—while the gardens behind were open and spacious.

TRANSLATABLE PUNS.

ADDISON has given an excellent test by which we may know whether a piece of real wit has been achieved, or merely a pun perpetrated. We are to endeavour to translate the doubtful production into another language: and if it passes through this ordeal unharmed, it is true wit; if not, it is a pun. Like most tests, however, this fails occasionally; for there are some few puns that, in spite of the prohibitory law, can smuggle themselves into the regions of true wit,—just as foreigners, who have perfectly learned the language of a country, can enter as natives, and set alien acts at defiance.

We will give two or three examples of these slippery fellows, who, to use a modern phrase, have succeeded in driving a coach-and-six through Addison's Act.

The lectures of a Greek philosopher were attended by a young girl of exquisite beauty. One day, a grain of sand happened to get into her eye, and, being unable to extricate it herself, she requested his assistance. As he was observed to perform this little operation with a zeal which, perhaps, a less sparkling eye might not have commanded, somebody called out to him, in Greek, "Do not spoil the pupil."

Cicero said of a man who had ploughed up the ground in which his father was buried, *Hoc est verè colere monumentum patris*—This is really cultivating one's father's memory.

A punster being requested to give a specimen of his art, asked for a subject. "The King," "The King is not a subject," he replied. This holds good in French likewise—(*Le Roi n'est pas un sujet*.)

The last two cases belong to a class which is, perhaps, more extensive than is commonly supposed; where the two senses of the word are allied by an easy metaphor, and may consequently be found in more than one language. We will give another of the same kind.

Erskine was reproached with his propensity of punning, and was told that puns were the lowest kind of wit. "True," said he, "and therefore they are the foundation of all wit."

Madame de Lamotte was condemned to be marked with a hot iron on both shoulders, as well as to perpetual imprisonment, for her frauds in the affair of Marie Antoinette's diamond necklace. At the end of ten months, however, she made her escape from l'Hôpital, where she was confined, by the aid of a scow, who said, when quitting her, "Adieu, Madame, prenez-garde de vous faire remarquer." (Farewell, Madam; take care not to be re-marked.)

A French editor, when quoting this, observes, "Nous ajouterons qu'il faut bien avoir la fureur de dire de tristes bons-mots pour en faire sur un pareil sujet."

At a time when public affairs were in a very unsettled state, M. de G——, who squinted terribly, asked Talleyrand how things were going on.

"Mais, comme vous voyez, Monsieur." (Why, as you see, sir.)

Another pun, attributed to the same great master, is not only translatable, but is much better in English than in French. During the reign of Bonaparte, when an arrogant soldiery affected to despise all civilians, Talleyrand asked a certain general what was meant by calling people *pequins*. "*Nous appellons pequin tout ce qui n'est pas militaire*," said the general. (We call everybody who is not a soldier, a *pequin*,—a miserable creature.) "*Eh! oui*," replied Talleyrand, "*comme nous autres nous appellons militaires tous ceux qui ne sont pas civils*." (Oh! yes! as we call military all those who are not civil.)—*Book of Table Talk*.

MODEST REQUEST.

A COMMON saying among certain of the Irish is, that they are "the boys fit for anything." The hero of the following anecdote must have thought himself one of that gifted set.

When the Duke of Ormonde was appointed lord lieutenant of Ireland in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, a certain Irish baronet, a man of some interest in his country, requested his grace would give him a bishopric, or a regiment of horse, or make him lord chief justice of the King's Bench—he was not particular which.—*Dr. W. King's Polit. and Lit. Anecdotes of his own Times*.

The Nobelist.

A SCENE IN BAGDAD.

THE silver voices of the muezziins have chanted forth the ezzan, and every good Mussulman obeyed the summons. The sun has just risen upon the city. All Bagdad is at prayer. The calif himself, in the sacred character of chief imam, conducts the holy rites, and devotion swells in the bosom of his subjects, as they listen to the voice of their pilgrim monarch. The duties of religion are soon performed, and the mosques are deserted. Crowds of citizens, as curiosity prompts, bend their way to various portions of the city. Many throng upon the southern wall to view the approach of those foreign knights, who are seen advancing in solemn array. Others are attracted to the river's banks, where many a gilded barge is stealing from the shore, with its crimson awnings flapping in the air; and noble galleys, with their decorated crews, are seen

parting the waters. The Tigris is pavilioned with silk and gold,—the thirsty sun-beams can scarcely drink of the waters.

The current of the populace; however, set toward the imperial palace. In the courtyard was ranged a portion of the battle guard of the calif, a chosen body of warriors, which, to the number of one hundred and sixty thousand men, were arrayed throughout the city. They were clad in coats of mail, covered with fine white linen, and their turbans were of the same colour and material. Across their shoulders were hung broad battle-axes of steel: each in his right hand grasped a ponderous mace at arms, while in his left he bore a golden purse, in which was contained his yearly stipend. The sinews of war were all there—equipment, discipline, and pay—every thing that could delight the eye of a warrior, and impress the spectator with a sense of the power and magnificence of their chief.

Opposite to these, and finely contrasting with them, were drawn up ten thousand re-durbaned horsemen, such as have been before described.

Three gates of the left wing of the royal palace are presently thrown open, and from each issue a thousand white eunuchs, while, from the opposite quarter of the building, throng forth the same number black as night. Their weapons are naked cimeters borne in their right hands, and sheathless poniards which glitter at their girdles. They enter the hall of audience to place themselves around the calif's throne—fit emblems of eastern despotism. Seven hundred porters swept the dust from the steps of marble, and waited at the numerous doors which gave ingress to the various recesses of the palace.

Around the vestibule and entrance to the audience chamber were piled stands of arms of every description. There were the Tartar cap and lance, the djerrid, or dart of the Arab, the bow of the hardy Scythian, with quivers of arrows; and conspicuous among all were the long spear of the Greek, the cuirass and shield, trophies of many wars. The audience chamber itself was hung with rich tapestry, and covered with a thousand carpets, and costly furniture was scattered around in oriental profusion.

Here and there, from the huge throat of many a sculptured lion, issued fountains of water into marble basins, while mingled with them reclined the living monarch of the forest, hardly to be distinguished from his chiselled representative, save by his rolling eye, and the sluggish motion of his nervous tail. At times, indeed, they stretched their wild jaws, and displayed to view the white and pointed tusks with which they were furnished, yawning hideously, yet not in anger; evincing rather, as it might seem, their listlessness at being the spectators of so tame, so idle a pageant. Upon four score

Persian carpets crouched as many richly spotted tigers, leashed in silk, each with his keeper, startling the astonished spectator by their terrific yet exquisite beauty.

Trees of rare workmanship bent beneath the weight of their golden fruit, inclosed in which, as in little censers, were burning cinnamon, ambergris, and aloe wood, which diffused through the air their sweet perfume.

High amid this scene of splendour was reared a throne of ebony, upon which sat Haroun al Raschid, clothed in a robe and vest of the deepest black. It was the favourite hue of the Ambassadors. A rich turban of the same gloomy colour surmounted his brow, from which nodded three glossy heron plumes, secured by a circlet of invaluable jewels. Upon his shoulders hung the Burde, or sacred mantle of Mohammed, and his right hand grasped the staff which once supported the steps of the apostle of God. Upon each side the throne waved the sable standards of his race, the "Night" and the "Shadow," and seemed to shed obscurity from their folds over the gorgeous spectacle around.

The calif's three sons sat upon the topmost step of the throne, while around it stood the lords of state and officers of the royal household. Conspicuous among these were the venerable Jahia and his sons, Mesrour and Ibrahim, chiefs of the black and white eunuchs; Gabriel, the royal physician, a man of rare endowments; and many others whose grave and noble presence gave dignity to the assemblage. Around the hall was ranged close lattice work, through which hours, or gentle beings as celestial as they, were gazing, their bosoms heaving with an eager curiosity, which, it is true, seemed somewhat allied to earth.

All was still and motionless throughout the court, when in a few moments the ringing of steel chains, and the tramp of armed feet, announced the approach of the Grecian knights. At the instruction of an officer, appointed for that purpose, they stooped their foreheads to the threshold, in which was encased a portion of that black stone which for ages has been an object of the pilgrim's reverence at Mecca. Yet it was with reluctance that they submitted to this unworthy ceremony. A few less complying or more adroit than the rest, spurned or avoided the degradation, and many, as they bent, spat in abhorrence upon the threshold, and muttered secret curses against the impostor of Mecca. As the strangers entered the hall, they seemed at first dazzled by the strange magnificence that burst upon their sight: the eastern pomp and apparel, the fierce beasts that seemed ready to make their spring, and the forms of men still fiercer, that darkened around the apartment. Yet it was for a moment only that they permitted their attention to be diverted by these objects.

Calling to mind their sacred character, and the high errand upon which the came, they shook off the feeling of awe which for a moment chilled their bosoms, and advanced with dignity to the foot of the throne. They were, in truth, a gallant band. Their plated armour fitted closely to their persons, and the plumes in their helmets drooped gracefully upon their steel shoulders. No jewels nor rich robe adorned their dress, but the iron garb which they wore shone like the diamond, and sat as easily upon their frames as though woven in the looms of India. The calif gazed upon them for a moment in silence, then waving his hand, signified that he was in readiness to receive their message.

The chief ambassador, a man with white hair, and of dignified appearance, bowing lowly, proffered then a sealed epistle, which the vizier took from his hands and presented to his master.

"Read it thyself, Giafar," said the calif; "read it aloud, so that all present may hear."

The prince undid the seal, glanced his eye hastily over the writing, and replied:—

"Tis for thine ear alone, most noble sovereign."

"Read on," was the stern reply; and the vizier read as follows:—

"Nicephorus, emperor of the Romans, to Haroun, King of the Arabians, sends greeting. Let not the peace of two mighty nations be disturbed by thine ambition. The late empress, whom God has taken to himself, considered thee a rook and herself a pawn. That weak woman submitted, indeed, to pay thee a price for thy friendship; but know that a king has come upon the throne, who will not render a tribute unworthy the majesty of the empire. Be content to live in amity with thine equals, restore the fruits of thine avarice and insatiable rapacity, or receive from the hands of my ambassadors the only tribute a soldier can pay thee."

"Ha! the hound!" exclaimed the calif. And then, "What is the tribute that he sends?" came sharply from between his teeth.

At this demand, one of the knights strode boldly forward, and having disengaged a bundle of swords from the folds of silk in which it was enwrapped, cast it down at the foot of the throne.

The flash of the midnight lightning is not more sudden and startling than was the change produced upon the haughty calif by this bold procedure. The blood deserted his face, leaving it pale as ashes, and his frame trembled with anger, which he was evidently, yet unsuccessfully, striving to master. He strained his cimeter tightly in his grasp, while his eyes glared rapidly from one object to another, like those of some wild beast that is about to spring upon his

prey, but is as yet uncertain as to the individual object of attack.

When his emotion permitted him to speak, he exclaimed in tones in which passion predominated:

"Now, by my father's beard! but this is overbold. Have you thought upon the value of your lives, that you have come upon so insolent an errand?"

"We have, my lord," replied the aged ambassador.

"Answer me not," interrupted the calif. "Yet speak. I will listen. What warrant have you for their safety?"

"The honour of a king," was the firm reply. "And it will suffer a foul blot, great prince, should but a single hair of our heads be injured at thy bidding."

"You have counted too far upon my forbearance," exclaimed the monarch, angrily. "Here, in mine own court," he muttered to himself, "thus to be bearded! Blood, blood alone can wash out this insult."

"It must flow freely, and from thine own subjects, ere we are butchered even here," exclaimed a veteran knight, looking around at the naked cimeters which were bristling throughout the hall.—"Yet if there be bravery or courtesy among Persian nobles, let them grant us a clear field and we will bide the encounter. For myself," he added tauntingly, "I will be content to leave my body in the sands, if my good sword cannot redeem it from the bravest two that will dare to face me."

An expression of satisfaction predominated over anger in the calif's countenance, as he saw his nobles press forward to accept the bold challenge of the Greek, and still more when he perceived his favourite son, Amin, among the number.

"It is well, friends," he exclaimed; "yet fall back. My brave son, many thanks; but it may not be. Thou shalt hunt the foxes in their den; but here it may not be. Fall back, Amin; fall back, every one!"

The challenge of the Greek was not heard by the vizier, or if heard not heeded. His eyes were fixed upon his master, watching in his features those changes that varying passion produced upon his angry countenance. He saw that his brow was yet unbent, that his hand still grasped his cimeter, that he was about to descend from his throne, and he hesitated to leave him.

"Stay not by my side," said the calif. "Thou needest not fear me, Giasar."

"Strike at the life of thy slave, my lord," exclaimed the prince; "there will be many left who can serve thee as well. But strike not a blow at thine own honour; when once wounded, that thou canst not heal."

"Nay, fear me not, I say. Thou mistakest my purpose. I would but try the temper of these swords—this tribute that the emperor has sent me. I would see," and

here he smiled scornfully, "if they are toys for children, or blades fit for a soldier's use."

So saying, the calif descended to the lowest step of the throne, and placing his foot upon the glittering blades, drew from its sheath his good Samsumah. Raised to the full stretch of his arm, above the monarch's head, the weapon glittered for a moment in air, and then descended like lightning upon the steel band, severing it completely in two, and shivering the swords of which it was composed into a thousand fragments.

A murmur of admiration ran through the court at a feat of such dexterity and strength, and the strangers wondered to see their best blades shattered like glass by the well-tempered sword of the monarch. The calif's first movement was to examine the edge of his cimeter, to see if it had suffered from the rude concussion. The result of this scrutiny seemed satisfactory, for he smiled grimly, and reached the weapon to Giasar, who, having scanned it carefully, returned it to his master with a responding look of gratification. Indeed, we learn, from the annalist of the times, that "There was not the slightest bruise or indenture upon its surface; proving," he adds, "both the goodness of the blade, and the strength of the arm that wielded it."

The calif having now reasscended the throne, turned to address the ambassadors.

"The courtesy of your emperor shall not be forgotten. I will well requite it," and he smiled bitterly as he spoke. "For every sword he hath sent me, I will bring to him a thousand, and strong hands shall bear them—faithful hands—hands that would turn them even against their own bosoms at my slightest wish. Slaves!" exclaimed the monarch, his face glowing with pride and enthusiasm, as he turned to the swarthy forms that were raised like bronze statues around the audience chamber—"slaves, have I not said aright? Who of you has a life at his master's service?"

Obedient to his call numbers rushed forward, and bent their necks to the ground in token of their devotion to the calif's will. Haroun looked upon them for a moment as they stooped before his throne, and then beckoned an officer, who approached with his cimeter unsheathed. At a sign from the Commander of the Faithful, the executioner struck off the head of the foremost, and the marble steps were deluged with blood. He looked again upon the calif, and again the blade descended upon its victim. Another look, and a third suffered the fate of the two former, yet still the ready wretches gathered to the cimeter's edge, and even when commanded to retire, seemed to linger for their death, as for some dispensation from a propitious deity.

Stifled sobs, half-suppressed screams, and

exclamations of terror, came from the surrounding lattice, testifying the emotion of the fair beings there concealed at this scene; one shriek sounding loudly above the rest. At this, the monarch, frowning, turned his head hastily towards that part of the chamber whence these sounds proceeded. All was in an instant hushed. Silence, gloomy and fearful, brooded over the assembly. Haroun watched with gratified pride the emotion produced upon the Roman knights at a spectacle so revolting; a spectacle at which even the calif's veteran court were moved. As for the stangers, they were stupefied with horror; they stirred not—they seemed hardly to breathe.

They were soon aroused, however, by the voice of Haroun, who, turning to them with a stern aspect, said:

"And now, ye unbelieving dogs, depart upon the instant. Let not your horses' hoofs tarry upon these plains. If to-morrow's sun finds you upon this side the Euphrates, your carcasses shall fatten the sands of the desert. Yet stay," he added, as his eye glanced at Nicophorus's letter, which Giafar still held, "your master's message shall not go unanswered."

As he spoke, he pointed to the glittering fragments which were strewn beneath his feet, and glanced slightly at the headless bodies of his slaves that lay near.

There were gazing on him at that moment some gentle beings who loved him well, and who looked to see some sign of pity and regret pass across his features; but no—his mien was haughty, his countenance stern and enkindled, and in imagination he seemed leading his troops to the rich conquest of the Grecian capital.

The Roman embassy retired slowly, and with some appearance of dignity, but their bosoms were awed by the calif's power, and sickened by the display of his revolting despotism. They feared lest a monarch so powerful, and so well served, should make good the fierce threats which were yet ringing in their ears. They feared lest the desolation of war should follow close upon their track, and enter quickly into their own land. They looked to see the fierce calif answer with fire and sword the stern message of their sovereign—a message worthy of the ancient dignity of the empire if supported with bravery and effect, yet one which must bring upon their heads the full fury of a warlike and powerful monarch.

After the departure of the foreign knights, the hall was cleared of all but the lords of state, who, assembled in full divan, held council together. This, however, was but a mere form. Haroun was bent on war; and his subjects were as eager as himself to wash out in the blood of their enemies the stain upon their sovereign's honour. No time was needed for preparation. All things

were in readiness for the field, and the calif was resolved to lead his troops against the enemy without delay. After a short deliberation, it was decided that the army should set forth upon its march against the infidels upon the following day.

The Public Journals.

THE EXECUTION.—A SPORTING ANECDOTE.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your lordship please to ring?"

My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duverney's fled,
Tagliani has not yet arriv'd in her stand;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a noteboman find to do?"

Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He pass'd, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he hid up his hat, and peer'd in the crown,
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, releas'd, behind him bang'd,
"An't please you, my lord, there's a man to be hang'd!"

My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregosse,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Hope—decore a score
I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Blackmore;
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy slept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street, and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo-place
Went the high-trotting mare at a deuce of a pace;
She prout'd some alarms,
But did no great harm,
Save fright'ning a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spitting with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweepers's dismay—

An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-mission folks
squal.
But eastward ahr,
Through Temple-bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their howls,
He passes by Washman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,
Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where, in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gaily

Cries "What must I seek out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"

The clock strikes twelve—it is dark mid'night—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.

The parties are set;

The tables are set;

There is "punch," "cold without," "hot with,"
"heavy wet,"

Ale-glasses and jugs,

And rummers and mugs,

And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,

Cold fowl and cigars,

Pickled onions in jars.

Welsh rabbits, and kidneys—rare work for the
jaws!—

And very large lobsters, with very large claws;

And there is M'Fuse,

And Lieutenant Tregooze,

And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks of the Blues,

All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes one!

Supper is done,

And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,

Singing "Jolly companions every one!"

My Lord Tomnoddy

Is drinking gin-toddy,

And laughing at ev'ry thing, and ev'ry body.

The clock strikes two—and the clock strikes three!

"Who so merry, so merry as we?"

Save Captain M'Fuse,

Who is taking a snooze,

While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,

Blackening his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes four!

Round the debtor's door

Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;

As many await

At the press-yard gate,

Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight

The mob divides, and between their ranks

A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks.

The clock strikes five!

The sheriffs arrive,

And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;

But Sir Carnaby Jenks

Blinks, and winks,

A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.

Lieutenant Tregooze

Is dreaming of Jews,

And acceptance all the bill-brokers refuse;

My Lord Tomnoddy

Has drunk all his toddy,

And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,

The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,

With roseate streaks,

Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;

Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky

Smil'd upon all things far and nigh,

All—save the wretch condemn'd to die!

Alack! that ever so fair a sun

As that which its course has now begun,

Should rise on such scene of misery!

Should gild with rays so light and free

That dismal, dark-frowning gallows tree!

And hark!—a sound comes big with fate,

The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—

eight!—

List to that low funeral bell:

It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!

And see!—from forth that opening door

They come—he steps that threshold o'er

Who never shall tread upon threshold more.

—God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see

That pale wan man's mute agony,

The glare of that wild despairing eye,

Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,

As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,

The path of the spirit's unknown career;

Those plaid'd arms, those hands that ne'er

Shall be lifted again,—not ev'n in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—the spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known to but One!
(Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight! Ah me!
A deed to shudder at,—not to see.

Again that clock!—'tis time, 'tis time!

The hour is past;—with its earliest chiming

The cord is sever'd, the lifeless clay

By "dungeon villains" is borne away;

Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!

And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awakes!

And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,

And Captain M'Fuse, with the black on his nose;

And they stared at each other, as much as to say

"Hollo! hollo!"

Here's a rum go!

Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!

The fellow's been cut down and taken away!

What's to be done?

We've miss'd all the fun!

Why, they'll laugh at, and quail us all over the town

We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!

What was to be done?—'twas perfectly plain

That they could not well hang the man over again:—

What was to be done?—The man was dead!—

Nought could be done—nought could be said;

So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

Bentley's Miscellany.

New Books.

MISS MARTINBAU'S SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

[We return to this clever and entertaining work for the sake of a few more characteristic extracts.]

Manchester.

It was the 19th of October, a foggy morning, when we mounted the carry-all,—a carriage which holds four,—and drove merrily out of Salem, upon a carpet of fallen leaves. I love streets that have trees in them; Summer-street in Boston; State-street in Albany; and Chestnut-street in Salem. We passed through Beverley, where, as in most of the small New England towns, the population has a character of its own. At Marblehead, on the bay, near Salem, the people are noisy, restless, high-spirited, and democratic. At Beverley, in the near neighbourhood, they are quiet, economical, sober, and whig. Such, at least, is the theory; and one fact in this connexion is, that the largest sums in the Boston Savings' Banks are from Beverley. We passed over a long bridge,—a respectable toll-bridge. The Americans are not fond of tolls of above a certain age,—for fear of monopoly. There is a small bridge, called Spite-bridge, because it spites the Beverley toll, which is much used in preference. Seven miles further is Manchester;—how unlike the English Manchester! A mere with pond-lilies! woods with the glorious magnolia flourishing in the midst! This is the only place in New England where the magnolia grows. In summer, parties are formed to visit the woods; and children make much money as guides and gatherers. Cabinet-making is the great business of the place. We saw logs of mahogany lying outside the houses; and much

furniture in places standing up against the walls, ready to be packed for New Orleans. The furniture of the southern cities is almost entirely derived from this neighbourhood. One manufacturer, who makes the furniture here, and sells it from his warehouse at New Orleans, has an income of 150,000 dollars. The inhabitants of Manchester are very prosperous. The houses were all good, except, here and there, the abode of a drunkard, known by its unpainted walls, loose shingles, broken shutters, and decayed door-step, in striking contrast with the neat white or yellow painted houses of the neighbours, with their bright windows, and spruce venetian blinds.

Free Shooting.

If human life presents its fairest aspects in the retired townships of New England,—some of its very worst, perhaps, are seen in the raw settlements of Alabama and Mississippi.

When we drew near to Columbus, Georgia, we were struck with amazement at the stories that were told, and the anecdotes that were dropt, in the stage, about recent attempts on human life in the neighbourhood; and at the number of incidents of the same kind which were the news of the day along the road. Our driver from Macon had been shot at, in attempting to carry off a young lady. A gentleman, boarding in the hotel at Columbus, was shot in the back, in the street, and laid by for months. No inquiry was made, or nothing came of it. The then present governor of the State Mississippi had recently stood over two combatants, pistol in hand, to see fair play. This was stated as a remarkable fact. The landlord of the house where we stopped to breakfast on the day we were to reach Columbus, April 9th, 1835, was, besides keeping a house of entertainment, a captain of militia, and a member of the legislature of Georgia. He was talking over with his guests a late case of homicide in a feud between the Myers and Maclimore families. He declared that he would have laws like those of the Medes and Persians against homicide; and in the same breath, said that if he were a Myers, he would shoot Mr. Maclimore and all his sons.

Antidotes to Slavery.

The prohibition of books containing anything against slavery, has proceeded to a great length. Last year, Mr. Barbauld's works were sent back into the north by the southern booksellers, because the "Evenings at Home," contain a "Dialogue between Master and Slave." Miss Sedgwick's last novel, "The Linwoods," was treated in the same way, on account of a single sentence about slavery. The "Tales of the Woods and Fields," and other English books have

shared the same fate. I had a letter from a southern lady, containing some regrets upon the necessity of such an exclusion of literature, but urging that it was a matter of principle to guard from attacks "an institution ordained by the favour of God for the happiness of man;" and assuring me that the literary resources of South Carolina were rapidly improving.—So they had need; for almost all the books already in existence will have to be prohibited, if nothing condemnatory of slavery is to be circulated. This attempt to nullify literature was followed up by a threat to refuse permission to the mails to pass through South Carolina: an arrangement which would afflict its inhabitants more than it could injury any one else.

The object of all this is to keep the children in the dark about how the institution is regarded abroad. This was evident to me at every step: and I received an express caution not to communicate my disapprobation of slavery to the children of one family, who could not, their parents declare, even feel the force of my objections. One of them was "employed, the whole afternoon, in dressing out little Nancy for an evening party; and she sees the slaves much freer than herself." Of course, the blindness of this policy will be its speedy destruction. It is found that the effect of public opinion on the subject upon young men who visit the northern States, is tremendous, when they become aware of it: as every student in the colleges of the north can bear witness. I know of one, an heir of slaves, who declared, on reading Dr. Channing's "Slavery," that if it could be proved that negroes are more than a link between man and brute, the rest follows of course, and he must liberate all his. Happily, he is in the way of evidence that negroes are actually and altogether human.

"Can such things be?"

Just before I reached Mobile, two men were burned alive there, in a slow fire, in the open air, in the presence of the gentlemen of the city generally. No word was breathed of the transaction in the newspapers: and this is the special reason why I cite it as a sign of the times; of the suppression of fact and repression of opinion which from the impossibility of their being long maintained, are found immediately to precede the changes they are meant to obviate. Some months afterwards, an obscure intimation of something of the kind having happened appeared in a northern newspaper; but a dead silence was at the time preserved upon what was, in fact, the deed of a multitude. The way that I came to know it was this: A lady of Mobile was opening her noble and true heart to me on the horrors and vices of the system under which she and her

family were suffering in mind, body, and estate. In speaking of her duties as head of a family, she had occasion to mention the trouble caused by the licentiousness of the whites, among the negro women. It was dreadful to hear the facts which had occurred in her own household; and the bare imagination of what is inflicted on the negro husbands and fathers was almost too much to be borne. I asked the question, "Does it never enter the heads of negro husbands and fathers to retaliate?"—"Yes, it does."—"What follows?"—"They are murdered,—burned alive." And then followed the story of what had lately happened. A little girl, and her still younger brother, one day failed to return from school, and never were seen again. It was not till after all search had been relinquished, that the severed head of the little girl was found in a brook, on the borders of a plantation. Circumstances were discovered that left no doubt that the murders were committed to conceal violence which had been offered to the girl. Soon after, two young ladies of the city rode in that direction, and got off their horses to amuse themselves. They were seized upon by two slaves of the neighbouring plantation; but effected their escape in safety, though with great difficulty. Their agitation prevented their concealing the fact; and the conclusion was immediately drawn that these men were the murderers of the children. The gentlemen of Mobile turned out, seized the men, heaped up faggots on the margin of the brook, and slowly burned them to death. No prudish excuses for the suppression of this story will serve any purpose with those who have been on the spot, any more than the outcry about "amalgamation," raised against the abolitionists by those who live in the deepest sinks of a licentiousness of which the foes of slavery do not dream. No deprecatory plea regarding propriety or decency will pass for any thing but hypocrisy with those who know what the laws against the press are in the south-west, and what are the morals of slavery in its palmy state. I charge the silence of Mobile about this murder on its fears; as confidently as I charge the brutality of the victims upon its crimes.

The Gatherer.

The Hippodrome, (from two Greek words, *ippos*, horse, and *dromos*, course, race,) was the name among the Greeks and Romans, of the public place where the horse and chariot races were held. Of all the hippodromes of Greece, the most remarkable was the one of Olympia, of which a description may be found in Pausanias. After this, there was none more remarkable than that of Constantinople, which still fills the traveller with

astonishment. Severus began the erection of this splendid structure, and Constantine finished it, in imitation of the great circus at Rome. It is surrounded by two ranges of columns, extending further than the eye can reach, raised one above the other, and resting on a broad foundation; it is adorned by an immense number of statues, in marble, porphyry, and bronze, of men and beasts, emperors and athletes. The Turks call this place *Atmeidan*, that is, *horse-place*, and thus recall to the mind its former distinction. Hence the name given to the race-course just formed at Bayswater.

Phænomena of Light.—Mr. J. F. Goddard has lately invented an apparatus for polarizing the hydro-oxygen light without the aid of tourmalines, and which, being adapted to the microscope, shows all the beautiful phenomena of this splendid branch of optical science. Various films of selenite are made to display their complimentary colours in a brilliant manner; and from wedges of the same, bands of colour are shown vying in brilliancy with the solar spectrum. Two discs, one red, the other green, being made to revolve, show, where they overlap, that their colours are complimentary, and produce white light.

Shark.—A small shark, weighing 300 lb., and about seven feet long, was lately taken off Margate.

Included Similes.—During the O. P. war, whilst a terrific tumult was raging in front of the house, the management, in their dilemma, popped upon Included, as "an everybody's favourite," to go on and pacify them.—"I, my dear boy," replied Charles, "I attempt to stop that riot! I might as well bolt a door with a *boiled carrot*." Wishing to give a stranger an idea of a man who was extremely thin, he said, "His leg, now, is a capital *leg* to *clean a fute* with."—*New Monthly Magazine*.

George IV.—Lord Byron, in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated 1812, refers to the late King's opinion of Scott's poetry as conveyed in language which would suffer by his (Lord Byron's) attempting to transcribe; and with a tone and taste which gave his lordship "a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which he had hitherto considered as confined to manners, certainly superior to those of any living gentleman."

Sir Walter Scott quaintly calls an editor's interpolating his correspondents' papers, "a sort of *venering*."

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